

GERMANY

As Seen from the Wheel by Our Correspondent.

Their Railroad Travel Compared with American.

Bicycle Riding—The Crown Prince and Princess—Mannheim—Schiller—Mayence—Other Interesting Items.

MAYENCE, August 10th, 1886.

EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:—In a former letter I have spoken of railroad travel on this side, in comparison with the same in the United States. Since then, I have had more experience, and as in all probability I will not be better informed, I will now refer to it for the last time. The roads are, as a rule, the property of the government, and being so, they are in good repair, and the service is systematically performed in every detail. All of the main roads are double tracks, rock ballast, and in part, iron ties. Trains are run almost hourly—hence a stay in a town may be as long as one wishes, or as short as one chooses to make it; but connections are made on all roads with a promptitude that is highly gratifying. When railroads are owned and controlled by different companies this system in connection is next to impossible; petty jealousies always exist and culminate not infrequently between competing lines, in a war in rates. Here, instead of such, there is the greatest harmony, and for one making a tour, if they will out-line it they can purchase at a liberal discount a "book-ticket"—similar to our thousand mile ticket—which is cheaper if used in a short length of time. Instead of first and second class fares, which is with us the difference between express and accommodation trains with the privilege of parlor cars or sleepers, there are here four classes. They are in coat in the ratio of two, three, four and six; that is, third class fare is one-half of first, and fourth one-half of second. The first and second class tickets allow a meagre amount of baggage (from fifty to seventy-five pounds, according to the section of Germany one is traveling in), third and fourth class none at all. The only difference between first and second class is in the upholstery, and apparently this is only in color; red velvet being used in first, gray in second; the apartments are entirely separate although in the same car. In third class cars there is no upholstery, and only the luggage carried in the hand is allowed. The seats are plain wooden benches with backs—above is a wire frame-work for satchels, etc. In fourth class cars there are no seats whatever, only one door, and a few small windows. First class passengers are made up of the nobility and foreigners, second class mostly of foreigners, with a few Germans, third class of well-to-do Germans and soldiers, etc., and fourth class of peasants, and do not differ much from our emigrant trains except as to distance. Third and fourth class passage are for those going short distances in the day time, as no cars of that kind are carried at night. So, in traveling, one has to choose between the costly first and second class and the reasonable but uncomfortable surroundings and uninviting associates of the third.

During the summer at Heidelberg, a holiday of one or two days' duration was of common occurrence, and if it came just before Sunday it was lengthened one day, as that day is always treated as a holiday by the Germans. On one or two occasions we took advantage of such periods and in a few hours were in Frankfurt; or if in the other direction, in half a day in Strasbourg or Munich. Sunday must also be visiting day, for at each station twenty-five or thirty passengers would leave the train and as many get on. Trains do not run faster than twenty or for the "quick trains" thirty miles an hour. This is slow compared to American and English trains, whose schedule time is forty and fifty miles an hour respectively. In the matter of service a more thorough one could not be employed; it is thorough to the extent of complication. Every official from the highest to the lowest wears a handsome blue uniform, and cap, with gold buttons and red trimmings. And they are as polite in their manners as they are neat in attire.

After obtaining a ticket your baggage must be delivered and weighed; if above the regulation amount the extra must be paid, when a slip of paper, sometimes numbered, sometimes not, is given you and another is pasted on the baggage. When the train arrives or when it is ready to start, the doors are opened and the conductor directs you to the car that will take you to your destination or nearest it without change. He then examines every ticket, which prevents any mistake occurring by taking the wrong train; after which he shouts "Fertig!" which means ready or finished. Now the stationmaster rings a bell, a switchman down the track blows a horn, the engineer blows the whistle, and finally the train begins to move. As the train leaves, the fact is telegraphed to the next station and noted made by the operator—who in the smaller towns is also the stationmaster—of the time, train, etc.; he also rings a bell in the yard by means of electricity. The tags of the bells correspond to the

dots which in telegraphy represent the letter o, repeated four or five times; not the whirring sound of our electric door and alarm bells, but loud, clear and distinct, and can be heard in country village and town at all times during the day and evening, less frequently at night. In telegraphy they use of course the same characters, but do not receive by sound; that is, they employ what is called a register and read the message from a ribbon of paper. At the small stations and at all crossings the station-keeper or his wife lowers the guards and stands in military style with flag to shoulder until the train has passed. When the train stops the conductor opens the door and calls out "Aussteigen" climb out. The stations themselves are compact, substantial brick buildings in the country, in cities large roomy stone structures three or four stories high, the upper stories of which serve as the dwelling house of the station agent. None that I have yet seen are striking as specimens of architecture, but they are conveniently arranged and in appointments all that can be desired. There are two or three in the course of construction, one each at Hanover, Frankfurt, and Berlin; the latter, it is said, will be when completed, the finest in the world. In Northern Germany the stations have a modern appearance, being covered both roof and sides with slate, and everywhere you see the small garden-plot, which is all that is necessary to complete the picture. By a series of wires running in both directions a man is enabled to remain at one spot in the station or in a small brick room at one side of the track, and by moving one of several levers, to change switches or signals for a quarter of a mile up or down the track. With all the watchful care shown in every direction for protecting life, accidents are rare. A law prevents walking on the track and provides a wide space for every moving train. I remember one accident near Heidelberg, when a part of a train went through a bridge, killing a half dozen and dreadfully mangle many more; the latter I saw in the hospitals. At another time we were detained a half hour on account of an engine which had left the track from an open switch, but the rate of speed was so slow, that the half hour was gained in two hours. If baggage over-weighs, a good round sum is charged for carrying it. Two trunks from Heidelberg to Leipzig by slow freight cost as much as a second class fare, and slow freight is by far the cheapest way of shipping.

On account of the many inconveniences of railway travel, as well as various individual reasons, many American students purchase bicycles and during the two months' vacation, see Germany from the "wheel." In the early part of June we bought Coventry machines of a Frankfurt firm, and soon acquired the art of riding them. Before leaving Heidelberg we enjoyed many short trips with the clubs and grew eager for a trip of days or weeks' duration. In Europe, at least in Germany, bicycle clubs take the place of base ball clubs in America and cricket clubs in England. There are clubs in every city, and an American or two in each one. But long tours are not taken by the Germans, that is, not farther than from fifty to one hundred miles. From Heidelberg runs to Mannheim, Speyer, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, and south to Orléans were made; but not a German in the club ever rode more than three or four days at a time. As often as once a week, at a meeting of the members, a morning was appointed for a "coffee-trip." On that morning we would meet at five or six o'clock, owing to the distance to be traveled, and a run of fifteen or even twenty miles would be made to some village, and after a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, we would be back in Heidelberg long before the laborers began. Such trips in the cool of the morning before our work commenced or in the cool of the evening after it ended, with the fun-loving, good-hearted Germans, makes our entire stay in Heidelberg a happy recollection.

The Jubilee drew most of the American students in Germany to Heidelberg. At that time, and from there, seven started on extended tours, two south and five north. Our party was composed of two Munich students, one each of philosophy and medicine; one Göttingen student of philosophy, and my brother and myself.

While finishing the letter I sent you last, I was hurried, on one side by four lusty bicyclers, on the other by a man waiting for my trunk and unpacked valises. The circumstances will explain the short description of, and excuse any future reference to the Jubilee, which for a few weeks furnished the illustrated periodicals with matter for wood-cuts, and the dailies with long telegrams. That the Crown Prince and Crown Princess were there, was sufficient to attract the eyes of the rest of Germany. Whenever they appeared on the streets they were welcomed with cheers and uncovered and bowed heads, and the one would raise his hand military fashion, the other gracefully incline his head. The Crown Prince is above the ordinary stature, with the appearance of good health, and a countenance of much less severity than that which characterizes his father. He is about fifty-five years old, being a few years older than the Prince of Wales. The Crown Princess vividly recalls one of your own

citizens, viz: Mrs. Judge Thompson. (I know she will excuse me for mentioning her name, and I would hesitate to do it, did I not know that by her own good offices she has made it almost a by-word with everyone in Highland county). She is a woman below the medium stature, about fifty years of age, has a bright eye, a mingled expression of kindness and decision, a quick step and a low gentle voice. Having been reared and educated under one of the most constitutional sovereigns in Europe, one with which she is still familiar (being the daughter of Queen Victoria), she is quick to see the faults of a rigorous tyrannical system of manufacturing soldiers; and it is said that her influence over her husband, together with his changed beliefs regarding the same, have caused a partial rupture between him and Prince Bismark, and that when he becomes emperor, a radical change will result in military affairs. Between the manufactures of Emperor Wilhelm and Prince Bismark on one hand, and Krupp on the other, Germany very confidently and justly claims to be more than an equal for France and Russia together.

After bidding adieu to friends in Heidelberg, we posted our letters, shipped our trunks by freight to Leipzig, and our valises by express to Mayence, and as soon as we were off of the granite streets were in the saddle, and in an hour were in Mannheim. This ride through the plain was one we had often made, and the smooth, hard, level road with the thousands of narrow short strips of land on each side, growing different grains and vegetables, was an old story to us. We had watched these strips change their colors as the season advanced, and already the soil of some of them was turned and ready for the sower and his seed.

Mannheim is double the size of Heidelberg, and is a thriving business-like city on the right bank of the Rhine. The theatre (at one time the best in Germany) is carried on in both winter and summer. It was here that Schiller's plays were first presented, and it was to this town he made his escape from Stuttgart between two days, "exchanging" as he expresses it, "the citizenship of his country for that of the world." He was at this time twenty-four years of age, and his life had been but a series of disappointments. First inclined to the ministry, then studying law, and at last accepting medicine, not willingly, but as a gallant servitude in exchange for one more gallant. Being a military surgeon he could not be treated as a deserter; but still feeling pursued he left Mannheim on foot, almost moneyless, for Frankfurt, traveling over one of the most striking roads in Europe—the Bergstrasse. On the bridge beneath which flows the Main, he pauses and gazes long in silence on the river, and at last says: "Which is deeper, that water or my sufferings?" But his after life shows what earnest, continued perseverance will accomplish. He is soon appointed poet to the theatre at Mannheim, then we hear of him at Leipzig, and Dresden, and Weimar, and at Jena, where he occupies the chair of history. He accomplishes all his labor and obtains all his success unaided, and in spite of circumstances, in spite of a slowly wasting disease (consumption), in spite of all difficulties. Indeed his life would seem to indicate that genius is but another name for untiring, indefatigable industry. He who visits the capital (Stuttgart)—from which he fled as a culprit finds little to arrest his interest—except one colossal statue which is pointed out to him as Friedrich Schiller—the pride of his Fatherland.

From Mannheim to Mayence is about forty miles, and this distance we make in five hours, including numerous stops and rests, and lunch in one of the small villages. The road follows the river and is on its right. The scenery here is scarcely picturesque. The low grass-covered banks on our side merge into the rich, beautiful plain I have so often spoken of, on the opposite side into insignificant tree-covered hills. The river is as large as the Ohio at Cincinnati and flows silently, steals gives the impression of great depth. Steamers do go to Mannheim, but the largest stop at Mayence, probably because the scenery above that point is not particularly interesting. The road is smooth and for the most part level. In all of the villages however, there are granite pavements which are rough, and hard on both riders and machines, so, through these we always walk, halting long enough to get a drink or to listen to a legend. By the time we are at the other end of the town we have from five to fifty children and all the dogs in the vicinity at our heels, and we can hear the voices of the former long after we are unable to see their dirty faces. But we are now in sight of Mayence, can see the railroad bridge across the Rhine, and the steeples and roofs of the higher buildings, further on we enter the fortified town of Castel through high brick arches, and soon stand on the new stone bridge with its crooked roadway—completed two years ago. Here the view at all times beautiful, was made but the more so by approaching evening and the gilding by the last rays of the sun. The rougher features of the hills in the distance, the towns with their rows of high peaked roofs, their towering church steeples and encircling parapets of earth and masonry; the surface of

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CALDWELL COUNTY, KY.

Position, People and Peculiarities of Princeton.

Something About the State of Fast Horses and Pretty Girls.

Dialect—N. H. & M. Railroad—Politics and Printing Offices—Society, Seasonal Feeling and Stone Quarries.

PRINCETON, Ky., Sept. 10, 1886.

Dear Sir:—When I first observed a competent portion of Kentucky landscape with my feet, I said, "What a town, what a town, what a town!" Princeton is not a princely hamlet. All her improvements, when compared with those of Hillsboro, are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as nectar of Olympus to the plain lemonade. She has no gas except natural gas of the old variety. With some improvements her pavements would make second-rate mud roads. The business part of the town has some nice looking buildings, but one good book-keeper could keep account of all the business done. The town must be over-run with religion and tobacco, because there are two big tobacco factories and nine churches to a population of 1,234. If there is a church here without a belfry and a spire, I have not seen it. Whew, what a multitude of ugly holes would be punched in the sky if it should ever tumble down on Princeton! This is the county-seat. I have never been inside the court house, but from the outside it looks precisely like a brick school house. I am disappointed. I thought Hillsboro had the meanest old court house in the United States, but it hasn't.

I came to this place from Louisville, by the Newport News and Mississippi Railway, which is by all means the worst road that poses as a conveyance for the traveling public. I'll bet a gasoline stove that the master of transportation can't define the word "ballast." The motion of the train resembles the action of a baby cradle on the puncher floor of a log cabin, and a day's ride on it would be enough to give one a combination of St. Vitus' dance and palsy. I was on the night train, which comes through here at about 4 in the morning. It runs near the college building, and always whistles for our benefit, long and loud. The sleeper is aroused with the allusion that Gabriel has one end of his horn in at the third story window, and is trying to test his lungs.

I should not advise a man who desired to be as rich as Jay Gould to begin life farming around Princeton. This kind of farming land does not possess much attraction for a boy raised in the Fall-creek bottoms. There is too much danger of falling off your farm down to some other man's farm and crippling yourself for life. Then in order to remove weeds you must quarry the rock away from the roots before you can pull them out. Rock is the principal crop down here, and can be harvested anywhere and at any time. I have been told, and have reason to believe, that there is enough building stone in this neighborhood to supply the entire country for years to come. Caldwell county would be a good place to hold that final mass prayer meeting at which the special petition will be for the rocks and the mountains to fall on those present. If it should be held here, I feel assured that a large number of people from Hillsboro will be able to gain a better idea of the country than I am able to give them by description. Geologically this section belongs to the cavernous limestone division, and the cavernous propensity is developed very largely around Princeton—in the earth's surface as well as in the mouths of the people. The town is built around one entrance of a natural tunnel through the rock, which terminates away out in the country. The cavern is very large, and contains springs which supply a large number of the inhabitants with water. It is not one of Jo Mulhatten's caves. I am told that it runs near the college, so if violent earthquakes become fashionable in Kentucky, I will probably go down to investigate the theory of internal heat. When I go I will send back a special to the NEWS-HERALD to tell the readers whether our globe is hard all the way through, like a base-ball, or soft and hot on the inside, like a soft-boiled egg. Meanwhile I fondly hope that is not my ordained mission.

It is not necessary to inform Ohio people that Kentucky is noted for fast horses and pretty girls. That is a settled fact. But Princeton, so thoroughly supplied in the matter of rocks and caverns, is sadly deficient in both these important particulars. This is a feature I dislike about the town. Of course I know there are exceptions to all rules, but that is no reason that I should like the exceptions. I have seen but two rapid transit horses since I came here, and they were not going so fast but that I could see them without straining my eyes. A teamster who passes frequently drives a pair of mules in the lead and a yoke of oxen following them. Indeed, the bicycle seems to have superseded the horse as a beast of burden, and wheelmen in this place are quite plentiful. As for the girls—well, that is a subject that should be handled tenderly. The average girl in Princeton, I think, doesn't come any nearer to sprouting wings on her shoulders and soaring away into cloudland than the average Hillsboro girl does. There is the same old monotonous type

of girl here with eyes of an ethereal blue, cheeks of cherry red, teeth of a pearly white, and conversation of an emerald green. When I find a girl here bewitchingly beautiful and too utterly lovely for anything, I'll send you a telegram. But don't try to hold your breath till you get the telegram, for that would overwork Lew Holmes.

[N. B.—Mr. Editor: If you have any young lady subscribers at this post-office, please forget to send them one of this issue.]

I called at one of the newspaper offices last week and took a look at things. The office had been burned out the week before and, having just gotten into new quarters, everything was in a state of anarchy and confusion, as the historians say. One secular and two religious papers are published at that office, and the entire establishment doesn't occupy as much space as the NEWS-HERALD sanctum. Put one of these printers down in the N. H. press-room and he would open his eyes so wide as to endanger the top of his skull. You could put all their job type in a common wash basin, and not run it over. There is another secular paper here, but having seen a copy of it, I did not go to see the editor. It is by mere chance that that paper ever gets published and reaches its subscribers—one of the mysterious dispensations of providence which no mortal can explain. To look at it is enough to make an ex-editor tired, and weary of life.

I scarcely need explain that the politics of both weekly papers is Democratic. Kentucky Republicans are exceptions. I received special instructions from my dentist before I left home to tell no one down here that my political views were Republican. And yet I find in Princeton several members of the grand old party. Like Highland, Caldwell county is doubtful, and goes first one way and then another, but the Congressional district, as might be expected, is overwhelmingly Democratic. This county votes on the local option question in November, and the contest promises to be warm. The general impression seems to be that prohibition will carry, but "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." There are probably old toppers here who fear that there will be a general disruption between the cup and the lip. Kentucky has a law whereby a county, on petition from a sufficient number of its citizens, is granted the right to hold a special election and decide the matter for itself. A local option law was passed some years ago, and the county took advantage of it to enforce prohibition, but the law proved ineffectual in its workings, and the effort of the county was wasted.

The Kentucky dialect is sadly lacking in the letter "r." They say "heah" and "theah" for "here" and "there", and the first impression of an Ohioan is that their vocal organs are defective. Only a few members of the college faculty give the full sound liquid r, and use the "English" as he spoke in Ohio. A very large majority of the natives utterly discard the letter, and would as soon think of touching a leper as of articulating a final r. If a train load of r's could be brought here and scattered over the State, the many murderers of the King's English might acquire some mercy.

Princeton may be justly proud of three things—her scenery, her college and her hospitality.

Stretching away to the north and east and west is a range of hills, crowned by a growth of trees now about to don their Joseph's coat of autumnal foliage. At various points, peeping through the sheath of green, bleaching quarries can be seen on the summit. Between the town and the hills the landscape is a gradual slope of meadow land, flecked with negro shanties and cows and corn-fields. At sunset the semi-circle of elevation is created with a blue haze which reminds one of the filmy mists of Indian summer. At dawn the orb of day rises from behind banks of orange and bars of purple, and glowers down upon the scattered choir of roosters who have heralded his coming, looking like the portrait of a wash-tub executed in tomato color with a potato-masher. On the south the land gently falls toward the Cumberland River, seven miles distant.

The college is a building of some age, possessing history "fo' de wah." During the rebellion it was used as a hospital—first by one side and then by the other. The generous hospitality which seems to permeate the present occupants can not be accounted for in that way, however, because they were not here then. Sometime prior to the war the institution became involved in litigation, and was subsequently closed. Six years ago it was re-opened under the management of Dr. Allen, the present principal. The buildings stand in a shady campus on a slight eminence, and present a very fine appearance. Let me appear to be giving the school a free advertisement, I desist from further description.

The college is not the only place where hearty hospitality can be encountered. Unselfishness and friendly bearing seem to be characteristics of the people. We may read much of Southern hospitality, but we can not truly appreciate it until we come into direct contact with the Southern people. Warm hearts and obliging dispositions seem to be fostered by the climate. I believe that the recent ovations to Jefferson Davis in the Southern cities, which caused such a furor of indignation in the North, were resultant in a great degree from this

spirit of friendliness. I can not bring myself to believe that so great a mass of the Southern people are desirous of returning to the former state of affairs, and of bringing back the slavery which cursed our land. Their honoring Jefferson Davis arose not from a longing to have him lead them into battle for the Confederacy, but from pity and a more or less excusable wish to please the old black-hearted traitor in his second childhood. In this belief I follow Colonel Mussey, of the Commercial Gazette, who was present at those ovations and felt the pulse of public sentiment to ascertain the regard in which it held Jefferson Davis.

Hand-shaking is a thoroughly established custom here, and every man is as adept in it as a Methodist class-leader. But when they begin to use adjectives, all appositions of that sort are blown to atoms.

Princeton did not suffer much during the war, although there was some skirmishing in and around the town. Being near the dividing line in the earlier part of the war, it was, of course, subject to raids, and had some experiences not altogether pleasant. A bullet hole in one of the college doors probably speaks of that time when men died with their boots on. On this pretty September morning peace overspreads Princeton and all those memorable battle-fields where the Nation's dead sleep the sleep that knows not breaking. The birds warble where the cannon thundered; the flocks feed where the picket trod, and that one grand old honored flag waves alike over Northern corn and Southern cotton-field; alike on Pacific Slope and Atlantic Seaboard. That conflict-to-day lives only on the page of history and in the minds of the men who lived through it, and are now rapidly passing away. The scenes of horror and pictures of blood and death have been so photographed upon the tablet of memory for them that nothing can obliterate the recollection. The rising generation of the North stands in silent reverence by the graves of the civil war, and reaches out a hand of friendship to the rising generation of the South across the chasm which divided their fathers. Dare you say that the rising generation is not as loyal to the old flag as their fathers were! Dare you say that our country's call to duty would not send a thrill through the veins of young America to-day as it did in '63! God forbid! But the boys of to-day do not inherit whatever bitterness their fathers may have held. Let bygones be bygones. If another war comes, let the regiments of Ohio and the regiments of Alabama and Mississippi stand side by side on the battle-field. Let the North and South exemplify "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

There is not much danger in encountering sectional feeling around Princeton unless you take the stars and stripes out in a pasture-field and show them to a bull. In your subsequent exit through briars and over rocks and stumps and other obstacles with sharp corners, you might have some difficulty in imagining that you were still in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Everlastingly yours,
H. S. M.

Stop that coughing; if you do not, it may kill you. A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup only costs you 25 cents, and its timely use may save your life.

I had always been much annoyed by neuralgia and headache. At length I determined to try Serravallo's Oil. I am glad to recommend it, as it made a perfect cure in my case.

62 Alsiquith St., Baltimore, Md.

FAIRFAX.

September 13th, 1886.

[Delayed letter.]

Leah Roberts is quite poorly at this writing.

Also, Mrs. Phil Hook.

School will begin at Hillsdale the 13th inst.

G. F. Dickey, teacher.

H. J. Webster and wife visited their father last Saturday and Sunday.

The school at Beechwood commenced last Monday, with F. A. Toner at the helm.

Mr. Bob Rhoads and family were stopping on the corner at "Uncle Tom's Cabin" last Sunday.

Mr. John A. Long, Jr., has so far recovered from his accident as to be able to visit Mr. Hollins.

L. F. Webster and wife went to Cincinnati last Monday to visit their son and to attend the Exposition.

Little Monty Gray is not likely to live with inflammatory rheumatism, Dr. G. C. Hook attending physician.

Mrs. Arthur Smart, Per. Flaucher, W. B. Corbin and Tom Lewis will start north on Monday to cut corn.

Mr. Jas. N. Gall has entered into partnership with W. H. Reno in the mercantile business. They are a hustling firm, and we predict they will be successful.

There is a good deal of truth in what Brutus says in regard to school teachers. We think no teacher who is in the habit of getting drunk and gambling, should be allowed to teach the young and rising generation of our land. Local directors are a great deal to blame in regard to employing such teachers, and if they (the directors) and respectable teachers will but look after this thing, the profession will soon be purged of these characters, and a higher degree of success will be apparent in our common schools.

"I have no appetite," complain many sufferers. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and enables the stomach to perform its duty.

"Be Not to Tell the Truth."

[New York Graphic (Dem.)]

The Republicans needn't write up the Republican victory in Maine and the Democrats needn't write it down.

The truth is that the Republican party was arrayed against very many of its former friends as well as against the Democratic party, and its success is the more gratifying to itself for that reason.

The facts and figures show for themselves, and nobody is going to gain anything by misrepresenting them. Mr. Blaine has certainly not been hurt by the election of Monday, and the Prohibition party has been. It does no harm to tell the truth.

"Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and blood poisons. Don't fail to use it.

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TRAMP PRINTER

In Pennsylvania's Coke Country and Among the Natural Gas Wells.

Connersville—Uniontown—McKeesport—Washington—Wheeling—Zanesville—Newark.

Connersville, Pa., is surrounded by a region the great industry of which is the burning, or I may say, manufacture of coke. The town contains less than 4,000 people, and is built upon the irregular surface of a hill side that gradually rises from the river. The place has grown some since I was there a pair of years ago, many new buildings having gone up since that time. The coke ovens are burning near the town, day and night.

Are the ovens or kilns in which coke is burned. They are generally formed in long rows. I think I have seen a row of coke ovens, all one structure, but containing partitions, each partition with its own door and aperture upon the roof for the admission of fuel, over half a mile in length. Upon the top of these long rows of ovens tracks are laid, upon which are run cars containing fuel, which is admitted through openings in the roof. At night the blaze bursting from these apertures in long rows make a beautiful sight. From the hill above the city such a sight may be seen at night, and it is a sight worth seeing.

UNIONTOWN.

In 1784 Gen. Ephraim Douglass in a letter from this place to Gen. James Irvine described Uniontown as follows: "This Uniontown is the most obscure spot on the face of the globe. I have been here seven or eight weeks without one opportunity of writing to the land of the living, and though considerably south of you, so cold that a person not knowing the latitude would conclude we were placed near one of the poles. We have been frozen up here for more than a month past, but a great many of us having been bred in another State, the eating of hominy is as natural to us as the drinking of whiskey in the morning."

Sure enough Uniontown still is a quiet, old-fashioned Keystone State county-seat, and looks just as it looked two years ago, when I wrote of a visit there. The Nutt family, made famous by a series of misfortunes and tragedies, of which so much was written and read at the time of their happening that the public can not have forgotten them, still reside in Uniontown. The widow of Capt. Nutt, who was shot by Legislator Dukes, young Nutt, who shot Dukes, when the courts failed to punish him, and the Miss Nutt, about whom the troubles arose, comprise the family. Although they are in quite comfortable circumstances, Miss Nutt is interested in a dress-making establishment, and is said to enjoy the esteem and respect of the entire community.

MCKEESPORT

Is a place of about 18,000 population, situated fifteen miles above Pittsburgh, on the banks of the river. It is a lively, enterprising manufacturing town, her foundries and rolling mills furnishing employment for large numbers of wage workers. The city is lighted with natural gas, conducted in pipes from gas wells near by. It is so cheap that they don't bother to shut it off in daylight. The gas wells are wonderful things. I have seen them with burning streams of gas reaching thirty feet or more in the air, and light up the surrounding neighborhood brilliantly for a couple of miles, perhaps farther. There are a number of them in the neighborhood of Washington, Pa., and to we Hillsboro folks who have to pay \$1.50 per thousand feet for what we use, it looks shameful that so much of it should be allowed to go to waste.

WASHINGTON

Is another place much after the manner of Uniontown. I wrote about Washington two years ago. Recalling to memory what I wrote about the place at that time I am forcibly reminded of the frailty of human calculations. I remember of describing the college at which "our next President" went to school. By that I referred to James G. Blaine, and our next President was Cleveland. My mistake. So when tempted to write the same sentence in this letter I hesitate. This time I will amend it so as to read that Washington contains the college at which the man who will succeed Cleveland went to school, unless his successor be chosen from Ohio, where we raise Presidential timber of the finest quality in any quantity desirable.

In my Washington letter I also described the LeMayne crematory, and voiced the opinion that it was but the question of a few years until cremation would entirely supersede burial. Since then I have paid a great deal of attention to this unpleasant but unavoidable subject, and that it will within another half century be much more commonly practiced than burial in the earth, and ultimately to the entire exclusion of other modes I have not the shadow of a doubt, and I am surprised that the medical men throughout the country have so little to say on the subject. I may write more on the subject at another time.

From Washington I journeyed to Wheeling, until within a couple of years ago the capital of West Virginia. The portion of the city devoted to manufac-

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